

L--d B-----ke's *S P E E C H*

U P O N T H E

# CONVENTION.

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*To the Tune of A Cobler there was.*

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✓ L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Littleton*, in *Fleet-street*, 1739.

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u f o r t h e

C O N V E N T I O N

To the Trustees of the American Library Association

Printed at the American Library Association, 1739





L — d B — ke's *SPEECH*, &c.

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I.

**A** Famous *Assembly* was summon'd of late,  
On the present important Affairs to debate,  
In the midst of them all the *Convention* was laid,  
Which orderly S--- desir'd might be read.

*Derry down,  
down, down, derry down.*

And

II.

And what would you read it for BOL——KE crys,  
Would the Gentleman trust to his Senses or Eyes,  
My Maxim (no bad one) Sir, always has been  
To blame Things unheard, and condemn them unseen.

*Derry down, &c.*

III.

This Consideration alone must be had,  
Whatever our Enemies do *must* be bad ;  
Let your Judgments for ever be rul'd by your *Hate*,  
Sir ROBERT's a Fool, *Harry Fox* can't debate.

*Derry down, &c.*

IV.

Allow not a Foe to have any Pretence  
To Honour or Honesty, Courage or Sense ;  
To our Friends be *these Virtues* and Qualities granted,  
'Tis but just to bestow 'em where most they are wanted.

*Derry down, &c.*

By



V.

By this Rule we hope to inflame the whole Nation,  
'Tis from this Things are brought to this fine Situation :  
The Crisis is come, and to all People known,  
When either our Party, or *England's* undone.

*Derry down, &c.*

VI.

For *once* I'll speak Truth, since all here are Friends,  
This cursed Convention won't answer our Ends :  
But 'tis easy its Meaning to construe away,  
And I'LL make it speak what it ne'er meant to say.

*Derry down, &c.*

VII.

Declare in your Letters to every Port,  
That *Spain's* Right of *Searching* is *own'd* by our Court ;  
That the Merchants will never receive *Reparation*,  
And see what Effects this will have on the Nation.

*Derry down, &c.*

Let

## VIII.

Let *Petitions* be drawn — Let L—D—N begin,  
 Each *Port* in the Nation will follow, but *Lynne*.  
 What the *City* shall say *I myself* will prepare,  
 And It will be approv'd; — for I'm sure of the M—r.

*Derry down, &c.*

## IX.

He'll summon the wife C—n C—l together,  
 From the *Maker of Scales* to the *Seller of Leather*:  
 We'll call 'em all *Merchants*, and sure they'll agree  
 To what's offer'd by B—RB—R, and written by ME.

*Derry down, &c.*

## X.

And I hope every Man that is Liberty's Friend,  
 Will joyn in the *Train* that the *Sheriffs* attend;  
 And do you thro' those Numbers remember to tell  
 How *dy'd the De Witts*, and how *Buckingham fell*.

*Derry down, &c.*

The



## XI.

The Love of my *Country* my Silence has broke,  
 And the *Genius of England* has breath'd what I've spoke,  
 SIR ROBERT MUST FALL -- Hear what I advise,  
 Let that BLOW be *struck home* which fail'd at *Th' Excise*.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XII.

He finish'd -- the Company shouted Applause,  
 And to BOL---KE's Management trusted their Cause :  
 And this desperate Step was agreed to by all,  
 Let ENGLAND be *ruin'd* but WALPOLE *must fall*.

*Derry down, &c.*

F I N I S.

( 7 )

XI

The love of my Country my Shamus has broke,  
And the Gentry of England has breath'd what I've spoke,  
Sir, Robert must fall -- Hear what I advise,  
Let that Blow be sent home which laid at Tybalt's side,  
Down down, &c.

XII

He finish'd -- the Company shouted Applaud,  
And to Bolingbroke's Management trusted their Cause;  
And this desperate Step was agreed to by all,  
Let England be ruin'd but Walpole must fall,  
Down down, &c.

F I N I S